COMEDY

OF THE

CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

SMOKE-ALLEY.

M,DCC,XCII.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Thrifty, an old Miser, and Father to Octavian,	Mr Bullock, Sen.
Gripe, Father to Leander,	Mr Ogden.
Leander, Son to Gripe, and privately married to Lucia,	Mr Bullock, Jun.
Octavian, Son to Thrifty, and privately married to Clara,	Mr Morgan.
Scapin,	Mr Hippesley.
Shift, Servant to Octavian,	Mr Chapman.
Sly, Servant to Leander,	Mr Clarke.

WOMEN.

Lucia, in love with Leander,	Miss Warren.
Clara, in love with Octavian.	Mrs Yuogner.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

ACT I.

Enter OCTAVIAN *and* SHIFT.

Octavian.

THIS is unhappy news; I did not expect my father in two months, and yet you say he is return'd already.

Shift. 'Tis but too true.

Oct. That he arriv'd this morning?

Shift. This very morning.

Oct. And that he is come with a resolution to marry me?

Shift. Yes, Sir, to marry you.

Oct. I am ruin'd and undone; prithee advise me.

Shift. Advise you?

Oct. Yes, advise me. Thou art as surly, as if thou really coud'st do me no good. Speak: has necessity taught thee no wit? hast thou no shift?

Shift. Lord, Sir, I am at present very busy in contriving some trick to save myself; I am first prudent, and then good-natur'd.

Oct. How will my father rage and storm, when he understands what things have happen'd in his absence? I dread his anger and reproaches.

Shift.

Shift. Reproaches! would I could be quit of him ſo eaſily; methinks I feel him already on my ſhoulders.

Oct. Diſinheriting is the leaſt I can expect.

Shift. You ſhould have thought of this before, and not have fall'n in love with I know not whom, one that you met by chance in the Dover Coach: ſhe is indeed a good ſnug laſs, but God knows what ſhe is beſides; perhaps ſome——

Oct. Villain.

Shift. I have done, Sir, I have done.

Oct. I have no friend that can appeaſe my Father's anger, and now I ſhall be betray'd to want and miſery.

Shift. For my part I know but one remedy in our misfortunes.

Oct. Pr'ythee, what is it?

Shift. You know that rogue and arch-cheat, Scapin.

Oct. Well; what of him?

Shift. There is not a more ſubtle fellow breathing; ſo cunning, he can cheat one newly cheated; 'tis ſuch a wheedling rogue, I'd undertake in two hours he ſhall make your father forgive you all; nay, allow you money for your neceſſary debauches: I ſaw him in three days make an old cautious Lawyer turn chymiſt and projector.

Oct. He is the fitteſt perſon in the world for my buſineſs; the impudent varlet can do any thing with the peeviſh old man. Pr'ythee go look him out, we'll ſet him a-work immediately.

Shift. See where he comes—Monſieur Scapin.

Enter

Enter SCAPIN.

Scap. Worthy Sir!

Shift. I have been giving my maſter a brief account of thy moſt noble qualities: I told him thou wert as valiant as a ridden cuckold, ſincere as whores, honeſt as pimps in want.

Scap. Alas, Sir, I but copy you: 'tis you are brave; you ſcorn the gibbets, halters, and priſons which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in cheats and robberies.

Oct. Oh Scapin! I am utterly ruin'd without thy aſſiſtance.

Scap. Why, what's the matter, good Mr Octavian?

Oct. My father is this day arrived at Dover with old Mr Gripe, with a reſolution to marry me.

Scap. Very well.

Oct. Thou knoweſt I am already married: how will my father reſent my diſobedience? I am for ever loſt, unleſs thou canſt find ſome means to reconcile me to him.

Scap. Does your father know of your marriage?

Oct. I am afraid he is by this time acquainted with it.

Scap. No matter, no matter, all ſhall be well; I am public-ſpirited: I love to help diſtreſſed young gentlemen; and thank heav'n I have had good ſucceſs enough.

Oct. Beſides, my preſent want muſt be conſider'd; I am in rebellion without any money.

Scap. I have tricks and ſhifts too to get that: I can cheat upon occaſion; but cheating is now grown an ill trade; yet heav'n be thank'd, there were never more cullies

cullies and fools; but the greateſt rooks and cheats allow'd by public authority ruin ſuch little undertraders as I am.

Oct. Well, get thee ſtraight about thy buſineſs: canſt thou make no uſe of my rogue here?

Scap. Yes, I ſhall want his aſſiſtance; the knave has cunning, and may be uſeful.

Shift. Aye, Sir; but like other wiſe men, I am not over-valiant: pray leave me out of this buſineſs: my fears will betray you; you ſhall execute, I'll ſit at home and adviſe.

Scap. I ſtand not in need of thy courage, but thy impudence, and thou haſt enough of that: come, come, thou ſhalt along: what, man, ſtand out for a beating? that's the worſt can happen.

Shift. Well, well.

Enter CLARA.

Oct. Here comes my deareſt Clara.

Cla. Ah me, Octavian! I hear ſad news: they ſay your father is return'd.

Oct. Alas! 'tis true, and I am the moſt unfortunate perſon in the world; but 'tis not my own miſery that I conſider, but yours: how can you bear thoſe wants to which we muſt be both reduc'd?

Cla. Love ſhall teach me, that can make all things eaſy to us; which is a ſign it is the chiefeſt good: but I have other cares. Will you be ever conſtant? ſhall not your father's ſeverity conſtrain you to be falſe?

Oct. Never, my deareſt, never.

Cla.

Cla. They that love much may be allow'd ſome fears.

Scap. Come, come; we have no time to hear you ſpeak fine tender things to one another: pray do you prepare to encounter with your father.

Oct. I tremble at the thoughts of it.

Scap. You muſt appear reſolute at firſt: tell him you can live without troubling him; threaten him to turn ſoldier; or, what will frighten him worſe, ſay, you'll turn poet. Come, I'll warrant you, we bring him to compoſition.

Oct. What would I give 'twere over?

Scap. Let us practiſe a little what you are to do. Suppoſe me your father, very grave, and very angry.

Oct. Well.

Scap. Do you look very careleſly, like a ſmall courtier upon his country acquaintance; a little more ſurlily:—very well:——now I come full of my fatherly authority.——Octavian, thou makeſt me weep to ſee thee; but alas! they are not tears of joy, but tears of ſorrow. Did ever ſo good a father beget ſo lewd a ſon? nay, but for that I think thy mother virtuous, I ſhould pronounce thou are not mine; *Newgate* bird, rogue, villain, what a trick haſt thou play'd me in my abſence? marry'd! yes: but to whom? nay, that thou knoweſt not. I'll warrant you ſome waiting-woman corrupted in a civil family, and reduc'd to one of the play-houſes, remov'd from thence by ſome keeping coxcomb, or——

Cla. Hold, Scapin, hold——

Scap.

Scap. No offence, Lady, I ſpeak but another's words. Thou abominable raſcal, thou ſhalt not have a groat, not a groat. Beſides, I will break all thy bones ten times over; get thee out of my houſe.——Why, Sir, you reply not a word, but ſtand as baſhfully as a girl that is examin'd by a bawdy judge about a rape.

Oct. Look, yonder comes my father.

Scap. Stay, Shift; and get you two gone: let me alone to manage the old fellow. [*Exit* Oct. *and* Clar.

Enter THRIFTY.

Thrif. Was there ever ſuch a raſh action?

Scap. He has been inform'd of the buſineſs, and is now ſo full of it that he vents it to himſelf.

Thrif. I would fain hear what they can ſay for themſelves.

Scap. We are not unprovided. [*At a diſtance.*

Thrif. Will they be ſo impudent as to deny the thing?

Scap. We never intend it.

Thrif. Or will they endeavour to excuſe it?

Scap. That perhaps we may do.

Thrif. But all ſhall be in vain.

Scap. We'll try that.

Thrif. I know how to lay that rogue my ſon faſt.

Scap. That we muſt prevent.

Thrif. And for the Tatterdemallion, Shift, I'll threſh him to death; I will be three years a cudgelling him.

Shift. I wonder'd he had forgot me ſo long.

Thrif. Oh, ho! yonder the raſcal is, that brave governor! he tutor'd my ſon finely.

Scap.

Scap. Sir, I am overjoy'd at your safe return.

Thrif. Good-morrow, Scapin—indeed you have follow'd my instructions very exactly, my son has behav'd himself very prudently in my absence; has he not, rascal, has he not? (*to* Shift.)

Scap. I hope you are very well.

Thrif. Very well—thou say'st not a word, Varlet, thou say'st not a word.

Scap. Had you a good voyage, Mr Thrifty?

Thrif. Lord, Sir! a very good voyage; pray give a man a little leave to vent his choler.

Scap. Would you be in choler Sir?

Thrif. Aye, Sir, I would be in choler.

Scap. Pray with whom?

Thrif. With that confounded rogue there.

Scap. Upon what reason?

Thrif. Upon what reason! hast thou not heard what hath happen'd in my absence?

Scap. I heard a little idle story.

Thrif. A little story, quoth-a! why, man, my son's undone, my son's undone.

Scap. Come, come, things have not been well carried; but I would advise you to make no more of it.

Thrif. I'm not of your opinion, I'll make the whole town ring of it.

Scap. Lord, Sir, I have storm'd about this business as much as you can do for your heart, but what are we both the better? I told him, indeed, Mr Octavian, you do not do well to wrong so good a father: I

preached him three or four times aſleep, but all would not do; till at laſt, when I had well examin'd the buſineſs, I found you had not ſo much wrong done you as you imagine.

Thrif. How, not wrong done me, to have my ſon marry'd without my conſent to a beggar!

Scap. Alas, he was ordain'd to it.

Thrif. That's fine indeed; we ſhall ſteal, cheat, murder, and ſo be hang'd, then ſay we were ordain'd to it.

Scap. Truly, I did not think you ſo ſubtle a philoſopher; I mean, he was fatally engag'd in this affair.

Thrif. Why did he engage himſelf?

Scap. Very true indeed, very true; but fye upon you now, would you have him as wiſe as yourſelf? young men will have their follies, witneſs my charge, Leander; who has gone and thrown away himſelf at a ſtranger rate than your ſon. I would fain know if you were not once young yourſelf; yes, I warrant you, and had your frailties.

Thrif. Yes, but they never coſt me any thing; a man may be as frail and as wicked as he pleaſe, if it coſt him nothing.

Scap. Alas, he was ſo in love with the young wench, that if he had not wed her, he muſt have certainly hang'd himſelf.

Shift. Muſt! why he had already done it, but that I came very ſeaſonably and cut the rope.

Thrif.

Thrif. Didſt thou cut the rope, dog? I'll murder thee for that; thou ſhouldſt have let him hang.

Scap. Beſides, her kindred ſurpriz'd him with her, and forc'd him to marry her.

Thrif. Then ſhould he have preſently gone, and proteſted againſt the violence at a notary's.

Scap. O Lord, Sir, he ſcorn'd that.

Thrif. Then might I eaſily have diſannull'd the marriage.

Scap. Diſannul the marriage?

Thrif. Yes.

Scap. You ſhall not break the marriage.

Thrif. Shall not I break it?

Scap. No.

Thrif. What, ſhall not I claim the privilege of a father, and have ſatisfaction for the violence done to my ſon?

Scap. 'Tis a thing he will never conſent to.

Thrif. He will not conſent to!

Scap. No: would you have him confeſs he was hector'd into any thing? that is to declare himſelf a coward: Oh fye, Sir, one that has the honour of being your ſon, can never do ſuch a thing.

Thrif. Piſh, talk not to me of honour; he ſhall do it, or be diſinherited.

Scap. Who ſhall diſinherit him?

Thrif. That will I, Sir.

Scap. You diſinherit him! very good.

Thrif. How, very good?

Scap. You ſhall not diſinherit him.

Thrif. Shall not I diſinherit him?

Scap. No.

Thrif. No!

Scap. No.

Thrif. Sir, you are very merry; I ſhall not diſinherit my ſon?

Scap. No, I tell you.

Thrif. Pray who ſhall hinder me?

Scap. Alas, Sir, your own ſelf, Sir; your own ſelf.

Thrif. I myſelf?

Scap. Yes, Sir, for you can never have the heart to do it.

Thrif. You ſhall find I can, Sir.

Scap. Come, you deceive yourſelf; fatherly affection muſt ſhew itſelf, it muſt: do not I know you were ever tender-hearted?

Thrif. Y'are miſtaken, Sir; y'are miſtaken:—Piſh, why do I ſpend my time in tittle-tattle with this idle fellow?—hang-dog, go find out my rake-hell——(*to* Shift) whilſt I go to my brother Gripe and inform him of my misfortune.

Scap. In the mean time, if I can do you any ſervice—

Thrif. O! I thank you, Sir, I thank you.

[*Exit* Thrift.

Shift. I muſt confeſs, thou art a brave fellow, and our affairs begin to be in a better poſture——but the money, the money—we are abominable poor, and my maſter has the lean vigilant duns, that torment him more

more than an old mother does a poor gallant, when ſhe ſollicits a maintenance for her diſcarded daughter.

Scap. Your money ſhall be my next care——let me ſee I want a fellow to—canſt thou not counterfeit a roaring bully of Alſatia?——Stalk—look big——very well. Follow me, I have ways to diſguiſe thy voice and countenance.

Shift. Pray take a little care, and lay your plot ſo that I may not act the bully always; I would not be beaten like a bully.

Scap. We'll ſhare the danger, we'll ſhare the danger. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

Enter THRIFTY *and* GRIPE.

Gripe.

SIR, what you tell me concerning your ſon, hath ſtrongly fruſtrated our deſigns.

Thrif. Sir, trouble not yourſelf about my ſon; I have undertaken to remove all obſtacles, which is the buſineſs I am ſo vigorouſly in purſuit of.

Gripe. I troth, Sir, I'll tell you what I ſay to you: the education of children, after the gettin of 'em, ought to be the neareſt concern of a father. And had you tutor'd your ſon with that care and duty incumbent on you, he never could ſo ſlightly have forfeited his.

Thrif. Sir, to return you a ſentence for your ſentence: thoſe that are ſo quick to cenſure and condemn the conduct of others, ought firſt to take care that all be well at home.

Gripe. Why, Mr Thrifty, have you heard any thing concerning my ſon?

Thrif. It may be I have; and it may be worſe than of my own.

Gripe. What is't I pray! my Son?

Thrif. Ev'n your own Scapin told it me, and you may hear it from him or ſome body elſe: for my part, I am your friend, and would not willingly be the meſſenger of ill news to one that I think ſo to me. Your ſervant: I muſt haſten to my council, and adviſe what's to be done in this caſe. Good bye till I ſee you again.

[*Exit* Thrifty.

Gripe. Worſe than his ſon! for my part I cannot imagine how; for a ſon to marry imprudently without the conſent of his father, is as great an offence as can be imagin'd, I take it: but yonder he comes.

Enter LEANDER.

Leand. Oh, my dear father, how joyful am I to ſee you ſafely return'd! welcome, as the bleſſing which I am now craving will be.

Gripe. Not ſo faſt, friend a'mine; ſoft and fair goes far, Sir. You are my ſon, as I take it.

Leand. What d'ye mean Sir?

Gripe. Stand ſtill, and let me look ye in the face.

Leand. How muſt I ſtand, Sir?

Gripe.

Gripe. Look upon me with both eyes.

Leand. Well, Sir, I do.

Gripe. What's the meaning of this report?

Leand. Report, Sir?

Gripe. Yes, report, Sir, I ſpeak Engliſh, as I take it: What is't that you have done in my abſence?

Leand. What is't, Sir, which you would have had me done?

Gripe. I do not aſk you, what I would have had you done; but what have you done?

Leand. Who I, Sir? why, I have done nothing at all, not I, Sir.

Gripe. Nothing at all?

Leand. No, Sir.

Gripe. You have no impudence to ſpeak on.

Leand. Sir, I have the confidence that becomes a man, and my innocence.

Gripe. Very well, but Scapin, d'ye mark me, young man, Scapin has told me ſome Tales of your behaviour.

Leand. Scapin!

Gripe. Oh, have I caught you? That name makes you bluſh, does it? 'tis well you have ſome grace left.

Leand. Has he ſaid any thing concerning me?

Gripe. That ſhall be examin'd anon; in the mean while get you home, d'ye hear, and ſtay till my return; but look to't, if thou haſt done any thing to diſhonour me, never think to come within my doors, or ſee my face more; but expect to be miſerable as thy folly and poverty can make thee. [*Exit* Gripe.

Leand.

Leand. Very fine; I am in a hopeful condition: this raſcal has betray'd my marriage, and undone me: now there is no way left but to turn outlaw, and live by rapine; and to ſet my hand in, the firſt thing ſhall be to cut the throat of that perfidious Pick-thank Dog that has ruin'd me.

Enter OCTAVIAN *and* SCAPIN.

Oct. Dear Scapin, how infinitely am I obliged to thee for thy care!

Leand. Yonder he comes: I'm overjoy'd to ſee you, good Mr Dog!

Scapin. Sir, your moſt humble ſervant, you honour me too far.

Lean. You act an ill fool's part; but I ſhall teach you.

Scap. Sir? [*Beats him.*

Oct. Hold, Leander.

Leand. No, Octavian, I'll make him confeſs the treachery he has committed; yes, Varlet, Dog, I know the trick you have play'd me: you thought perhaps no body would have told me. But I'll make you confeſs it, or I'll run my ſword into your guts.

Scap. Oh, Sir, Sir, would you have the heart to do ſuch a thing? have I done you any injury, Sir?

Leand. Yes, raſcal, that you have, and I'll make you own it too, or I'll ſwinge it out of your already tann'd thick hide. [*Beats him.*

Scap. The devil's in't. Lord, Sir, what d'ye mean? Nay, good Mr Leander, pray, Mr Leander; 'Squire Leander——As I hope to be ſav'd——

Oct.

Oct. Pr'ythee be quiet; for ſhame; enough. [*Interpoſes.*

Scap. Well, Sir, I confeſs indeed that——

Leand. What! ſpeak, rogue.

Scap. About two months ago you may remember, a maid ſervant dy'd in the houſe.——

Leand. What of all that?

Scap. Nay, Sir, if I confeſs you muſt not be angry.

Leand. Well, go on.

Scap. 'Twas ſaid ſhe dy'd for love of me, Sir: but let that paſs.

Leand. Death! you trifling Buffoon.

Scap. About a week after her death, I dreſt up myſelf like her ghoſt, and went into Madam Lucia, your Miſtreſs's Chamber, where ſhe lay half in, half out of bed, with her woman by her, reading an ungodly Play-book.

Leand. And was it your impudence did that?

Scap. They both believe it was a ghoſt to this hour. But it was myſelf play'd the Goblin, to frighten her from the ſcurvy cuſtom of lying awake at thoſe unſeaſonable hours, hearing filthy Plays, when ſhe had never ſaid her prayers.

Leand. I ſhall remember you for all in time and place: but come to the point, and tell me what thou haſt ſaid to my father.

Scap. To your father? I have not ſo much as ſeen him ſince his return, and if you'd aſk him, he'll tell you ſo himſelf.

Leand.

Leand. Yes, he told me himſelf, and told me all that thou haſt ſaid to him.

Scap. With your good leave, Sir, then he ly'd; I beg your pardon, I mean he was miſtaken.

Enter SLY.

Sly. Oh, Sir, I bring you the moſt unhappy news.

Leand. What's the matter?

Sly. Your Miſtreſs, Sir, is yonder arreſted in an action of 200*l.* They ſay 'tis a debt ſhe left unpaid at London, in the haſte of her eſcape hither to Dover; and if you don't raiſe money within theſe two hours to diſcharge her, ſhe'll be hurry'd to priſon.

Leand. Within theſe two hours?

Sly. Yes, Sir, within theſe two hours.

Leand. Ah my poor Scapin, I want thy aſſiſtance.

[Scapin *walks about ſurlily.*

Scap. Ah my poor Scapin! Now I'm your poor Scapin, now ye've need of me.

Leand. No more: I pardon thee all that thou haſt done, and worſe if thou art guilty of it.

Scap. No, no, never pardon me; run your ſword in my guts, you'll do better to murder me.

Leand. For heaven's ſake think no more upon that, but ſtudy now to aſſiſt me.

Oct. You muſt do ſomething for him.

Scap. Yes, to have my bones broken for my pains.

Leand. Would you leave me, Scapin, in this ſevere extremity?

Scap. To put ſuch an affront upon me as you did.

Leand.

Leand. I wrong'd thee, I confeſs.

Scap. To uſe me like a ſcoundrel, a villain, a raſcal, to threaten to run your ſword in my guts.

Leand. I cry thy mercy with all my heart; and if thou wilt have me throw myſelf at thy feet, I'll do't.

Oct. Faith, Scapin, you muſt, you cannot but yield.

Scap. Well then: but d'you mark me, Sir, another time better words and gentler blows.

Leand. Will you promiſe to mind my buſineſs?

Scap. As I ſee convenient, care ſhall be taken.

Leand. But the time you know is ſhort.

Scap. Pray, Sir, don't be ſo troubleſome: how much money is't you want?

Leand. Two hundred pounds.

Scap. And you?——

Oct. As much.

Scap. (*to* Leander.) No more to be ſaid; it ſhall be done: for you the contrivance is laid already: and for your father, though he be covetous to the laſt degree, yet, thanks be to heav'n, he's but a ſhallow perſon, his parts are not extraordinary: do not take it ill, Sir, for you have no reſemblance of him, but that ye're very like him. Begone; I ſee Octavian's father coming, I'll begin with him. [*Exit* Oct. *and* Leand. (*Enter* THRIFTY.) Here he comes, mumbling and chewing the Cud, to prove himſelf a clean beaſt.

Thrif. Oh, audacious boy, to commit ſo inſolent a crime, and plunge himſelf in ſuch a miſchief!

Scap. Sir, your humble ſervant.

Thrif.

Thrif. How do you, Scapin?

Scap. What, you are ruminating on your ſon's raſh actions?

Thrif. Have I not reaſon to be troubled?

Scap. The life of man is full of troubles, that's the truth on't: but your philoſopher is always prepar'd. I remember an excellent proverb of the ancients, very fit for your caſe.

Thrif. What's that?

Scap. Pray, mind it, 'twill do ye a world of good.

Thrif. What is't, I aſk you?

Scap. Why, when the maſter of a family ſhall be abſent any conſiderable time from his home or manſion, he ought rationally, gravely, wiſely, and philoſophically, to revolve within his mind all the concurrent circumſtances, that may, during the interval, conſpire to the conjunction of thoſe misfortunes and troubleſome accidents that may intervene upon the ſaid abſence, and the interruption of his oeconomical inſpection into the remiſsneſs, negligences, frailties, and huge and perillous errors, which his ſubſtitutes, ſervants, or truſtees, may be capable of, or liable and obnoxious unto; which may ariſe from the imperfection and corruptneſs of ingenerated natures, or the taint and contagion of corrupted education, whereby the fountain-head of man's diſpoſition becomes muddy, and all the ſtreams of his manners and converſation run conſequently defil'd and impure: theſe things premis'd, and fore-conſider'd, arm the ſaid prudent philoſophical

Pater-

Pater-familias, to find his houſe laid waſte, his wife murder'd, his daughters deflower'd, his ſons hang'd: *Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perſcribere longum eſt.* and to thank heav'n 'tis no worſe too. D'ye mark, Sir?

Thrif. S'death! Is all this a proverb?

Scap. Aye, and the beſt proverb, and the wiſeſt in the world. Good, Sir, get it by heart: 'twill do ye the greateſt good imaginable; and don't trouble yourſelf: I'll repeat it to you till you have gotten it by heart.

Thrif. No, I thank you, Sir, I'll have none on't.

Scap. Pray do, you'll like it better next time; hear it once more, I ſay——When the maſter of a——

Thrif. Hold, hold, I have better thoughts of my own; I'm going to my Lawyer; I'll null the marriage.

Scap. Going to law! Are you mad to venture yourſelf among lawyers? Do you not ſee every day how the ſpunges ſuck poor clients, and with a company of fooliſh nonſenſical terms, and knaviſh tricks, undo the nation? No, you ſhall take another way.

Thrif. You have reaſon, if there were any other way.

Scap. Come, I have found one. The truth is, I have a great compaſſion for your grief; I cannot, when I ſee tender fathers afflicted for their ſon's miſcarriages, but have bowels for 'em; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

Thrif. Truly, my caſe is ſad, very ſad.

Scap. So it is? Tears will burſt out; I have a great reſpect for your perſon. (*counterfeits weeping.*)

Thrif. Thank you with all my heart; in troth we ſhould have a fellow-feeling.

Scap. Aye, ſo we ſhould; I aſſure you there is not a perſon in the world whom I reſpect more than the noble Mr Thrifty.

Thrif. Thou art honeſt, Scapin. Ha'done, ha'done.

Scap. Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.

Thrif. But what is your way?

Scap. Why, in brief, I have been with the brother of her whom your wicked ſon has married.

Thrif. What is he?

Scap. A moſt outrageous roaring fellow, with a down hanging look, contracted brow, with a ſwell'd red face enflam'd with brandy; one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all mankind, roars out oaths, and bellows out curſes enough in a day to ſerve a garriſon a week; bred up in blood and rapine, uſed to ſlaughter from his youth upwards; one that makes no more conſcience of killing a man, than cracking of a louſe; he has killed ſixteen, four for taking the wall of him, five for looking too big upon him, two he ſhot piſſing againſt the wall: in ſhort, he is the moſt dreadful of all the race of bullies.

Thrif. Heav'ns! how do I tremble at the deſcription! but what's this to my buſineſs?

Scap. Why, he (as moſt bullies are) is in want, and I have brought him, by threatning him with all the courſes of law, all the aſſiſtance of your friends, and your great purſe, (in which I ventured my life ten times,

times, for ſo often he drew and run at me) yet, I ſay, at laſt I have made him hearken to a compoſition, and to null the marriage for a ſum of money.

Thrif. Thanks, dear Scapin, but what ſum?

Scap. Faith, he was damnably unreaſonable at firſt, and 'gad I told him ſo very roundly.

Thrif. A pox on him, what did he aſk?

Scap. Aſk? Hang him, why he aſked 500*l.*

Thrif. 'Ouns and heart, 500*l.* Five hundred devils take him——and fry and frickaſee the dog; does he take me for a mad-man?

Scap. Why, ſo I did; and after much argument, I brought him to this: Damme, ſays he, I am going to the army, and I muſt have two good horſes for myſelf, for fear one ſhould die; and thoſe will coſt at leaſt threeſcore guineas.

Thrif. Hang him rogue! why ſhould he have two horſes? But I care not if I give threeſcore guineas to be rid of this affair.

Scap. Then, ſays he, my piſtols, ſaddle, horſe cloth, and all will coſt twenty more.

Thrif. Why, that's fourſcore.

Scap. Well reckoned: 'faith this arithmetic is a fine art. Then I muſt have one for my boy will coſt twenty more.

Thrif. Oh the devil! confounded dog! let him go and be damn'd, I'll give him nothing.

Scap. Sir.

Thrif. Not a ſous, damn'd raſcal, let him turn foot ſoldier and be hang'd.

Scap. He has a man beſides; would you have him go a-foot.

Thrif. Aye, and his maſter too, I'll have nothing to do with him.

Scap. Well, you are reſolved to ſpend twice as much at Doctors-Commons, you are; you will ſtand out for ſuch a ſum as this, do.

Thrif. Oh damn'd unconſcionable raſcal! well if it muſt be ſo let him have the other twenty.

Scap. Twenty! why it comes to forty.

Thrif. No, I'll have nothing to do in it. Oh, a covetous rogue! I wonder he is not aſham'd to be ſo covetous.

Scap. Why, this is nothing to the charge at Doctors-Commons; and though her brother has no money, ſhe has an uncle able to defend her.

Thrif. O eternal rogue! well I muſt do't, the devil's in him I think!

Scap. Then, ſays he, I muſt carry into France money to buy a mule, to carry———

Thrif. Let him go to the devil with his mule, I'll appeal to the Judges.

Scap. Nay, good Sir, think a little.

Thrif. No, I'll do nothing.

Scap. Sir, Sir, but one little mule?

Thrif. No, not ſo much as an aſs!

Scap. Conſider.

Thrif.

Thrif. I will not conſider, I'll go to law.

Scap. I am ſure if you go to law, you do not conſider the appeals, degrees of juriſdiction, the intricate proceedings, the knaveries, the craving of ſo many ravenous animals that will prey upon you, villainous harpies! promoters, tipſtaves, and the like; none of which but will puff away the cleareſt right in the world for a bribe. On the other ſide, the proctor ſhall ſide with your adverſary, and ſell your cauſe for ready money: your advocate ſhall be gained the ſame way, and ſhall not be found when your cauſe is to be heard. Law is a tormenter of all torments.

Thrif. That's true: why, what does the damn'd rogue—reckon for his mule?

Scap. Why, for horſes, furniture, mule, and to pay ſome ſcores that are due to his landlady, he demands, and will have, two hundred pounds.

Thrif. Come, come, let's go to law.

[Thrifty *walks up and down in a great heat.*

Scap. Do but reflect upon——

Thrif. I'll go to law.

Scap. Do not plunge yourſelf.

Thrif. To law, I tell you.

Scap. Why, there's for procuration, preſentation, councils, productions, proctors, attendance and Scribling vaſt volumes of Interrogatories, depoſitions, and articles, conſultations and pleading of doctors, for the regiſter, ſubſtitute, judgments, Signings——expedition fees, beſides the vaſt preſents to them and their wives.

Hang't the fellow is out of employment, give him the money, give it him I ſay.

Th-if. What, two hundred pounds!

Scap. Aye, aye, why you'll gain 150*l.* by it, I have ſumm'd it up; I ſay give it him, I'faith do.

Thrif. What two hundred pounds!

Scap. Aye; beſides, you ne'er think how they'll rail at you in pleading, tell all your fornications, baſtardings and commutings in their courts.

Thrif. I defy 'em; let them tell of my whoring, 'tis the faſhion.

Scap. Peace; here's the brother.

Thrif. O heaven! what ſhall I do?

Enter SHIFT *diſguiſed like a Bully.*

Shift. Damme, where's this confounded dog, this father of Octavian? Null the marriage! By all the honour of my anceſtors I'll chine the villain.

Thrif. Oh, oh! [*Hides himſelf behind* Scapin.

Scap. He cares not, Sir, he'll not give the 200*l.*

Shift. By heaven he ſhall be worms meat within theſe two hours.

Scap. Sir he has Courage, he fears you not.

Thrif. You lye, I have not courage, I do fear him mortally.

Shift. He! he! he! Ounds he! would all his family were in him, I'd cut off root and branch: diſhonour my ſiſter! This in his guts: What fellow's that? ha!

Scap. Not he, Sir.

Shift. Nor none of his friends?

Thrif.

Thrif. No, Sir: hang him, I am his mortal enemy.

Shift. Art thou the enemy of that raſcal?

Thrif. Oh! aye, hang him——Oh damn'd bully! [*Aſide.*

Shift. Give me thy hand, old boy, the next Sun ſhall not ſee the impudent raſcal alive.

Scap. He'll muſter up all his relations againſt you.

Thrif. Do not provoke him, Scapin.

Shift. Would they were all here: Ha! hah! hah! [*He foyns every way with his ſword.* Here I had one through the lungs, there another into the heart: Hah! there another into the guts: Ah, rogues! there I was with you: Hah!——hah!

Scap. Hold, Sir, we are none of your enemies.

Shift. No, but I will find the villains out while my blood is up; I will deſtroy the whole family. Ha, ha, ——hah! [*Exit* Shift.

Thrift. Here, Scapin, I have 200 guineas about me, take 'em. No more to be ſaid. Let me never ſee his face again; take 'em, I ſay: this is the devil.

Scap. Will you not give 'em him yourſelf?

Thrif. No, no! I will ſee him no more: I ſhall not recover this theſe three months. See the buſineſs done. I truſt in thee honeſt Scapin: I muſt repoſe ſomewhere: I am mightily out of order——A plague on all bullies I ſay. [*Exit* Thrifty.

Scap. So there's one diſpatched; I muſt now find out Gripe: He's here; how heaven brings 'em in my nets one after another!

Enter

Enter GRIPE.

Scap. Oh heaven! unlook'd for misfortune; poor Mr Gripe, what wilt thou do? (*Walks about diſtractedly*)

Gripe. What's that he ſays of me?

Scap. Is there nobody can tell me news of Mr Gripe?

Gripe. Who's there? Scapin?

Scap. How I run up and down to find him to no purpoſe! Oh! Sir, is there no way to hear of Mr Gripe?

Gripe. Art thou blind? I have been juſt under thy noſe this hour.

Scap. Sir——

Gripe. What's the matter?

Scap. Oh! Sir your ſon——

Gripe. Ha, my ſon——

Scap. Is fallen into the ſtrangeſt misfortune in the world.

Gripe. What is't?

Scap. I met him a-while ago, diſorder'd for ſomething you had ſaid to him, wherein you very idly made uſe of my name. And ſeeking to divert his melancholy, we went to walk upon the pier: amongſt other things, he took particular notice of a new Caper in her full trim: the captain invited us aboard, and gave us the handſomeſt collation I ever met with.

Gripe. Well, and where's the diſaſter of all this?

Scap. While we were eating he put to ſea; and when we were a good diſtance from the ſhore, he diſcovered himſelf to be an Engliſh Renegade that was entertain'd

in

in the Dutch Service, and ſent me off in his longboat to tell you, that if you don't forthwith ſend him two hundred pounds, he'll carry away your ſon priſoner: Nay for ought I know, he may carry him a ſlave to Algiers.

Gripe. How, in the devil's name? 200*l.*

Scap. Yes, Sir; and more than that, he has allowed me but an hour's time; you muſt adviſe quickly what courſe to take to ſave an only ſon.

Gripe. What a devil had he to do a ſhipboard?—Run quickly, Scapin, and tell the villain, I'll ſend my Lord Chief-Juſtice's Warrant after him.

Scap. O law! his Warrant in the open ſea: d'ye think Pirates are fools?

Gripe. I'th' devil's name, what buſineſs had he a ſhipboard?

Scap. There is an unlucky fate that often hurries men to miſchief, Sir.

Gripe. Scapin, thou muſt now act the part of a faithful ſervant.

Scap. As how, Sir?

Gripe. Thou muſt go bid the Pirate ſend me my ſon, and ſtay as a pledge in his room, till I can raiſe the money.

Scap. Alas, Sir, think you the captain has ſo little wit as to accept of ſuch a poor raſcally fellow as I am, inſtead of your ſon?

Gripe. What the devil did he do a ſhipboard?

Scap.

Scap. D'ye remember, Sir, that you have but an hour's time?

Gripe. Thou ſay'ſt he demands——

Scap. 200*l.*

Gripe. 200*l.* Has the fellow no conſcience?

Scap. O law! the conſcience of a Pirate! why, very few lawful captains have any.

Gripe. Has he not reaſon neither? Does he know what the ſum of 200*l.* is?

Scap. Yes, Sir, Tarpawlins are a ſort of people that underſtand money, though they have no great acquaintance with ſenſe. But for heaven's ſake, diſpatch.

Gripe. Here take the key of my compting-houſe.

Scap. So.

Gripe. And open it.

Scap. Very good.

Gripe. In the left-hand window lies the key of my Garret; go take all the cloaths that are in the great cheſt, and ſell them to the brokers to redeem my ſon.

Scap. Sir, you're mad; I ſhan't get 50*s.* for all that's there, and you know how I am ſtraitned for time.

Gripe. What a devil did he do a ſhipboard?

Scap. Let ſhipboard alone, and conſider Sir, your ſon. But heaven's my witneſs, I ha' done for him as much as was poſſible, and if he be not redeem'd, he may thank his father's kindneſs.

Gripe. Well, Sir, I'll go ſee if I can raiſe the money, was it not nineſcore pounds you ſpoke of?

Scap. No, 200*l.*

Gripe.

Gripe. What, 200*l.* Dutch, ha?

Scap. No, Sir, I mean Engliſh money, 200*l.* Sterling.

Gripe. I'th'devil's name, what buſineſs had he a ſhipboard? confounded ſhipboard!

Scap. This ſhipboard ſticks in his ſtomach.

Gripe. Hold, Scapin, I remember I received the very ſum juſt now in gold, but did not think I ſhould have parted with it ſo ſoon. [*He preſents* Scapin *his Purſe, but will not let it go; and in his tranſport pulls his arms to and fro', whilſt* Scapin *reaches at it.*

Scap. Aye, Sir.

Gripe. But tell the captain he is a ſon of a whore.

Scap. Yes, Sir.

Gripe. A dogbolt.

Scap. I ſhall, Sir.

Gripe. A thief, a robber, and that he forces me to pay him 200*l.* contrary to all law or equity.

Scap. Nay, let me alone with him.

Gripe. That I will never forgive him dead or alive.

Scap. Very good.

Gripe. And that if ever I light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed dogs with him.

[*He puts up his purſe, and is going away.*

Scap. Right Sir.

Gripe. Now make haſte, and go and redeem my ſon.

Scap. Aye, but d'ye hear, Sir, where's the money?

Gripe. Did I not give it thee?

Scap. Indeed, Sir, you made me believe you would, but you forgot, and put it in your pocket again.

Gripe.

Gripe. Ha——my griefs and fears for my ſon make me do I know not what.

Scap. Aye, Sir, I ſee it does indeed.

Gripe. What a devil did he do a ſhipboard? damn'd pirate, damn'd renegade, all the devils in hell purſue thee. (*Exit.*

Scap. How eaſily a miſer ſwallows a load, and how difficultly he diſgorges a grain; but I'll not leave him ſo; he's like to pay in other coin, for telling tales of me to his ſon. (*Enter* Octavian *and* Leander.) Well, Sir, I have ſucceeded in your buſineſs, there's 200*l.* which I have ſqueezed out of your father.

Oct. Triumphant Scapin.

Scap. But for you I can do nothing. (*to* Leander.)

Lean. Then may I go and hang myſelf. Friends both, Adieu.

Scap. D'ye hear, d'ye hear, the devil has no ſuch neceſſity for you yet, that you need ride poſt. With much ado I've got your buſineſs done too.

Lean. Is't poſſible?

Scap. But on condition that you permit me to revenge myſelf on your father for the trick he has ſerv'd me.

Lean. With all my heart, at thy own diſcretion, good honeſt Scapin.

Scap. Hold your hand, there's 200*l.*

Lean. My thanks are too many to pay now: Farewel, dear ſon of Mercury, and be proſperous.

Scap. Gramercy, pupil. Hence we gather.

Give ſon the money, hang up father.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Enter LUCIA *and* CLARA.

Lucia.

WAS ever ſuch a trick play'd, for us to run away from our governeſs, where our careful fathers had placed us, to follow a couple of young gentlemen, only becauſe they ſaid they lov'd us? I think 'twas a very noble enterprize! I am afraid the good fortune we ſhall get by it, will very hardly recompence the reputation we have loſt by it.

Cla. Our greateſt ſatisfaction is, that they are men of faſhion and credit, and for my part I long ago reſolv'd not to marry any other, nor ſuch an one neither, till I had a perfect confirmation of his love; and 'twas an aſſurance of Octavian's that brought me hither.

Luc. I muſt confeſs, I had no leſs a ſenſe of the faith and honour of Leander.

Cla. But ſeems it not wonderful, that the circumſtances of our fortune ſhould be ſo nearly ally'd, and ourſelves ſo much ſtrangers? beſides, if I miſtake not, I ſee ſomething in Leander, ſo much reſembling a brother of mine of the ſame name, that did not the time ſince I ſaw him make me fearful, I ſhould be often apt to call him ſo.

Luc. I have a brother too, whoſe name's Octavian, bred in Italy, and juſt as my father took his voyage, returned home; not knowing where to find me, I be-

lieve is the reaſon I have not ſeen him yet. But if I deceive not myſelf, there is ſomething in your Octavian that extremely refreſhes my memory of him.

Cla. I wiſh we might be ſo happy as we are inclined to hope; but there's a ſtrange blind ſide in our natures, which always makes us apt to believe, what we moſt earneſtly deſire.

Luc. The worſt at laſt, is but to be forſaken by our fathers: and for my part I had rather loſe an old father than a young lover, when I may with reputation keep him, and ſecure myſelf againſt the impoſition of fatherly authority.

Cla. How unſufferable is it to be ſacrificed to the arms of a nauſeous blockhead, that has no other ſenſe than to eat and drink when 'tis provided for him, riſe in the morning, and go to bed at night, and with much ado be perſuaded to keep himſelf clean!

Luc. A thing of mere fleſh and blood, and that of the worſt ſort too, with a ſquinting meagre hang-dog countenance, that looks as if he always wanted phyſic for the worms.

Cla. Yet ſuch their ſilly parents are generally moſt indulgent to, like apes, never ſo well pleaſed as when the're fondling with their ugly iſſue.

Luc. Twenty to one, but to ſome ſuch charming creatures our careful fathers had deſigned us.

Cla. Parents think they do their daughters the greateſt kindneſs in the world, when they get them fools for their

their husbands; and yet are very apt to take it ill if they make the right use of them.

Luc. I'd no more be bound to spend my days in marriage to a fool, because I might rule him, than I would always ride an ass, because the creature was gentle.

Cla. See, here's Scapin, as full of designs and affairs, as a callow statesman at a treaty of peace.

Enter SCAPIN.

Scap. Ladies!

Cla. Oh, Monsieur Scapin! what's the reason you have been such a stranger of late.

Scap. Faith, ladies, business, business has taken up my time; and truly I love an active life, love my business extremely.

Luc. Methinks though, this should be a difficult place for a man of your excellencies to find employment in.

Scap. Why faith, Madam, I'm never shy to my friends: my business is, in short, like that of all other men of business, diligently contriving how to play the knave, and cheat to get an honest livelihood.

Cla. Certainly men of wit and parts need never be driven to indirect courses.

Scap. Oh, madam! wit and honesty, like oil and vinegar, with much ado mingle together, give a relish to a good fortune, and pass well enough for sauce, but are very thin fare of themselves. No, give me your

knave, your thorough-pac'd knave; hang his wit, ſo he be but rogue enough.

Luc. You're grown very much out of humour with wit, Scapin, I hope your's has done you no prejudice of late.

Scap. No, Madam, your men of wit are good for nothing, dull, lazy, reſtive ſnails; 'tis your undertaking, impudent, puſhing fool that commands his fortune.

Cla. You are very open and plain in this proceeding, whatever you are in others.

Scap. Dame fortune, like moſt others of the female ſex, (I ſpeak all this with reſpect to your ladyſhip) is generally moſt indulgent to the nimble mettled blockheads; men of wit are not for her turn, ever too thoughtful when they ſhould be active: why, who believes any man of wit to have ſo much as courage? no, ladies, if ye've any friends that hope to raiſe themſelves, adviſe them to be as much fools as they can, and they'll never want patrons: and for honeſty, if your ladyſhip think fit to retire a little further, you ſhall ſee me perform upon a gentleman that's coming this way.

Cla. Prithee, Lucia, let us retreat a little, and take this opportunity of ſome divertiſement; which has been very ſcarce here hitherto.

Enter SHIFT *with a Sack.*

Scap. Oh Shift.

Shif. Speak not too loud my maſter's coming.

Scap.

Scap. I'm glad on't, I shall teach him to betray the secrets of his friend. If any man puts a trick upon me without return, may I lose this nose with the pox, without the pleasure of getting it.

Shift. I wonder at thy valour, thou are continually venturing that body of thine, to the indignity of bruises and indecent bastinadoes.

Scap. Difficulties in adventures, make them pleasant when accomplished.

Shift. But your adventures, how comical soever in the beginning, are sure to be tragical in the end.

Scap. 'Tis no matter, I hate your pusillanimous spirit: revenge and leachery are never so pleasant as when you venture hard for them; begone: here comes my man.

Enter GRIPE.

Oh, Sir, Sir, shift for yourself, Sir, quickly Sir, for heaven's sake.

Gripe. What's the matter, man?

Scap. Heaven! is this a time to ask questions? will you be murder'd instantly? I am afraid you will be kill'd within these two minutes.

Gripe. Mercy on me! kill'd for what?

Scap. They are every where looking out for you.

Gripe. Who? who?

Scap. The brother of her whom your son has married; he's a captain of a privateer, who has all sorts of rogues, *English*, *Scotch*, *Welch*, *Irish*, *French*, under his command, and all lying in wait now, or searching for

you to kill you, becauſe you would null the marriage: they run up and down, crying, where is the rogue Gripe? where is the dog? where is the ſlave Gripe? they watch for you ſo narrowly, that there's no getting home to your houſe.

Gripe. Oh, Scapin! what ſhall I do? what will become of me?

Scap. Nay, Heaven knows; but if you come within their reach, they will *de wit* you, they will tear you in pieces;—hark.

Gripe. O Lord!

Scap. Hum, 'tis none of them.

Grip. Canſt thou find no way for my eſcape, dear Scapin?

Scap. I think I have found one.

Gripe. Good Scapin, ſhow thyſelf a man now.

Scap. I ſhall venture being moſt immoderately beaten.

Gripe. Dear Scapin, do; I will reward thee bounteouſly: I'll give thee this ſuit when I have worn it eight or nine months longer.

Scap. Liſten! who are theſe?

Gripe. God forgive me, Lord have mercy upon us.

Scap. No, there's nobody; look, if you'll ſave your life go into this ſack preſently.

Gripe. Oh! who's there?

Scap. Nobody: get into the ſack, and ſtir not, whatever happens: I'll carry you as a bundle of goods through all your enemies to the major's houſe of the caſtle.

Gripe.

Gripe. An admirable invention, Oh Lord! quick. (*gets into the ſack.*)

Scap. Yes, 'tis an excellent invention, if you knew all; keep in your head. Oh, here's a rogue coming to look for you.

Scapin *counterfeits a* Welſhman.

Do you hear, I pray you, where is Leander's *father, look you.*

(*In his own voice.*) How ſhould I know? what would you have with him—lie cloſe. (*aſide to* Gripe.)

Have with him, look you, hur has no great buſineſs, but hur would have ſatisfactions and reparations, look you, for credits and honour; by St Tavy *he ſhall not put the injuries and affronts upon my captains, look you now, Sir.*

He affront the captain, he meddles with no man.

You lye, Sir, look you, and hur will give you beatings and chaſtiſements for your contradictions, when hur Welſe plood's up, look you, and hur will cudgel your pack and your nottles for it; take you that, pray now. [beats the ſack.

Hold, hold, will you murder me? I know not where he is not I.

Hur will teach ſaucy jacks how they provoke hur welſe plood's and hur collars: and for the old rogue, hur will have his guts and his plood, look you, Sir, or hur will never wear leek upon St Tavy's *day more, look you.*

Oh! he has mawl'd me, a damn'd *Welſh* raſcal.

Gripe. You? the blows fell upon my ſhoulders. Oh!

Scap.

Scap. 'Twas only the end of the ſtick fell on you, the main ſubſtantial part of the cudgel lighted on me.

Gripe. Why did you not ſtand further off?

Scap. Peace—here's another rogue.

(*In a* Lancaſhire *Dialect,*) *Yaw felee wi' th' ſack there, done yaw knaw whear th'awld raſcal* Griap *is?*

Not I; but he is no raſcal.

Yaw leen, yaw dogue, yaw knaw weel enough whear he is, an yawden tell, ond that he is a foaw raſcot as any in aw the tawn; I's tell a that by'r Lady.

Not I Sir, I know neither, not I.

By th' meſs, an ay tack thee in hont, ay's raddle the bones on thee, ay's keeble the to ſome tune.

Me, Sir? I don't underſtand you.

Why, thaw'rt his mon, thaw hobble, I'll ſmite th' naes o' thee,

Hold, hold, Sir, what would you have with him!

Why, I mun knock him down with my kibbo, the firſt bawt to the grawnt, and then I mun beat him to pap, by th' meſs, and after ay mun cut of the lugs and naes on 'em, and ay wot, he'll be a pretty ſwatley fellee, bawt lugs and naes.

Why, truly, Sir, I know not where he is, but he went down that lane.

This lone, ſayn ye? ays find him, by'r lady, an he be above grawnt.

So he's gone, a damn'd *Lancaſhire* raſcal.

Gripe. Oh good Scapin! go on quickly.

Scap. Hold here's another. (Gripe *pops in his head.*)

(*In*

(*In an* Iriſh *tone.*) *Doeſt thou hear, Sackman? I pri-thee whare is that damn'd dog,* Gripe?

Why, what's that to you? What know I?

What's that to me, Joy? by my ſhoul, Joy, I will lay a great blow upon thy pate, and the devil take me, but I will make thee know whare he is indeed, or I'll beat upon thee till thou doſt know, by my ſalvation indeed.

I'll not be beaten.

Now the devil take me, I ſwear by him that made me, if thou doſt not tell whare is Gripe, *but I will beat thy father's child very much indeed.*

What would you have me do? I can't tell where he is. But what would you have with him?

What would I have with him? By my ſhoul, If I do ſee him, I will make murder upon him for my captain's ſake.

Murder him? he'll not be murdered.

If I do lay my eyes upon him, 'gad I will put my ſword into his bowels, the devil take me indeed. What haſt thou in that ſack, Joy? by my ſalvation, I will look into it.

But you ſhall not. What have you to do with it?

By my ſoul, Joy, I will put my rapier into it.

Gripe. Oh! O!

What, it does grunt, by my ſalvation the devil take me I will ſee it indeed.

You ſhall not ſee my ſack; I'll defend it with my life.

Then I will make beat upon thy body; take that, Joy, and that, and that, upon my ſoul, and ſo I do take my leave, Joy. (Beats him in the ſack.)

A plague

A plague on him he's gone; he has almoſt killed me.

Gripe. I can hold no longer, the blows all fell upon my ſhoulders!

Scap. You can't tell me; they fell on mine: Oh my ſhoulders!

Gripe. Your's? Oh my ſhoulders!

Scap. Peace, they're coming.

In a hoarſe Seaman's *voice.*

Where is the dog? I'll lay him on fore and aft, ſwinge him with a cat-o'nine-tail, keel-haul, and then hang him at the Main-yard.

In broken French-Engliſh.

If dere be no more men in England, *I will kille him, I will put my rapier in his body. I will give him two tree puſhe in de gutte.*

Here Scapin *acts a number of them together.*

We mun go this way—o'the right hand, no to th'left hand—lie cloſe—*ſearch every where—by my ſalvation I will kill the damn'd dog—and we do catch 'en, we'll tear 'en in pieces, and I do hear he went thick way—no, ſtraight forward. Hold, here is his man; where is your Maſter——Damn me, where? In Hell? ſpeak*——Hold, not ſo furiouſly—*and you don't tell us where he is, we'll murder thee*——

Do what you will, Gentlemen, I know not.

Lay him on thick, thwack him ſoundly.

Hold, hold, do what you will, I ne'er betray my Maſter.

Knock

Knock'en down, beat'en soundly, to'en, at'en, at'en, at— [*As he is going to strike,* Gripe *peeps out, and* Scapin *takes to his heels.*

Gripe. Oh, dog, traitor, villain! is this your plot? Would you have murdered me, rogue? unheard of impudence.

Enter THRIFTY.

Oh, brother Thrifty! You come to see me loaden with disgrace; the villain Scapin has, as I am sensible now, cheated me of 200*l.* This beating brings all into my memory.

Thrif. The impudent varlet has gull'd me of the same sum.

Gripe. Nor was he content to take my money, but hath abus'd me at that barbarous rate that I am asham'd to tell it; but he shall pay for it severely.

Thrif. But this is not all, brother; one misfortune is the forerunner of another: just now I have received letters from London, that both our daughters have run away from their governesses, with two wild debauch'd young fellows, that they fell in love with.

Enter LUCIA *and* CLARA.

Luc. Was ever such malicious impudence seen—hah—surely, if I mistake not, that should be my father.

Cla. And the other mine, whom Scapin has us'd thus.

Luc. Bless us! return'd, and we not know of it.

Cla. What will they say to find us here?

Luc. My dearest father, welcome to England.

Thrif. My daughter Luce?

Luc.

Luc. The ſame, Sir.

Gripe. My Clara here too?

Cla. Yes, Sir, and happy to ſee your ſafe arrival.

Thrif. What ſtrange deſtiny has directed this happineſs to us?

Enter OCTAVIAN.

Gripe. Hey day!

Thrif. Oh, Son! I have a wife for you.

Oct. Good father, all your propoſitions are vain; I muſt needs be free, and tell you, I am engaged.

Thrif. Look you now; is not this very fine? Now I have a mind to be merry, and to be friends with you, you'll not let me now, will you? I tell you Mr Gripe's daughter here——

Oct. I'll never marry Mr Gripe's daughter, Sir, as long as I live: no, yonder's ſhe that I muſt love, and can never entertain the thoughts of any other.

Cla. Yes, Octavian, I have at laſt met with my father, and all our fears and troubles are at an end.

Thrif. Lo ye now, you would be wiſer than the father that begot you, would you? Did not I always ſay you ſhould marry Mr Gripe's daughter? But you do not know your ſiſter Luce.

Oct. Unlook'd for bleſſing! why ſhe's my friend Leander's wife!

Thrif. How, Leander's wife!

Gripe. What, my ſon Leander!

Oct. Yes, Sir, your ſon Leander.

Gripe.

Gripe. Indeed! Well, brother Thrifty, 'tis true the boy was always a good-natur'd boy. Well, now I am ſo overjoy'd, that I could laugh till I ſhook my ſhoulders, but that I dare not they are ſo ſore. But look here he comes.

Enter LEANDER.

Leand. Sir, I beg your pardon, I find my marriage is diſcover'd nor would I indeed have longer conceal'd it; this is my wife, I muſt own her.

Gripe. Brother Thrifty, did you ever ſee the like, did you ever ſee the like? ha!

Thrif. Own her; quoth-a! why kiſs her, kiſs her, man; odſbodikins, when I was a young fellow and was firſt marry'd, I did nothing elſe for three months. O my conſcience I got my boy *Octi* there, the firſt night, before the curtains were quite drawn!

Gripe. Well, 'tis his father's nown child. Juſt ſo, brother, was it with me upon my wedding-day, I could not look upon my dear without bluſhing; but when we were a bed, Lord ha' mercy upon us—but I'll no more.

Leand. Is then my father reconciled to me?

Gripe. Reconcil'd to thee! why I love thee at my heart, man, at my heart; why 'tis my brother Thrifty's daughter, Mrs Lucy, whom I always deſigned for thy wife; and that's my ſiſter Clara marry'd to Mr Octa there.

Leand. Octavian, are we then brothers? there is nothing that I could have rather wiſh'd, after compleating of my happineſs with my charming Lucia.

Thrif. Come, Sir, hang up your compliments in the hall at home, they are old and out of faſhion. Shift, go to the inn, and beſpeak a ſupper may coſt more money than I have got to pay for it, for I am reſolv'd to run in debt to-night.

Shift. I ſhall obey your commands, Sir.

Thrif. Then, d'ye hear, ſend out and muſter up all the fiddlers, blind or not blind, drunk or ſober, in the town; let not ſo much as the roaſter of tunes, with his crack'd cymbal in a caſe, eſcape you.

Gripe. Well, what would I give now for the fellow that ſings the ſong at Lord Mayor's feaſt: I myſelf would make an epithalamium by way of ſonnet, and he ſhould ſet a tune to it; 'twas the prettieſt he had laſt time.

Enter SLY.

Sly. Oh, Gentlemen, here is the ſtrangeſt accident fallen out.

Thrif. What's the matter?

Sly. Poor Scapin.

Gripe. Ha! rogue, let him be hang'd. I'll hang him myſelf.

Sly. Oh, Sir, that trouble you may ſpare; for paſſing by a place where they were building, a great ſtone fell upon his head and broke his ſcull ſo, you may ſee his brains.

Thrif. Where is he?

Sly. Yonder he comes.

Enter SCAPIN *between two, his head wrapt up in linen as if he had been wounded.*

Scap. Oh me! oh me! gentlemen, you ſee me, you ſee me in a ſad condition, cut off like a flower in the prime of my years: but yet I could not die without the pardon of thoſe I have wrong'd; yes, gentlemen, I beſeech you to forgive me all the injuries that I have done; but more eſpecially I beg of you Mr Thrifty, and my good maſter Mr Gripe.

Thrif. For my part I pardon thee freely; go, and die in peace.

Scap. But 'tis you, Sir, I have moſt offended, by the inhuman baſtinadoes which——

Gripe. Pr'ythee ſpeak no more of it, I forgive thee too.

Scap. 'Twas a moſt wicked inſolence in me, that I ſhould with vile crabtree cudgel———

Gripe. Piſh, no more, I ſay I'm ſatisfy'd.

Scap. And now ſo near my death, 'tis an inexpreſſible grief that I ſhould dare to lift my hand againſt—

Gripe. Hold thy peace, or die quickly, I tell thee I have forgot all——

Scap. Alas! how good a man you are! but, Sir, d'ye pardon me freely, and from the bottom of your heart, thoſe mercyleſs drubs that——

Gripe. Pr'ythee ſpeak no more of it; I forgive thee freely, here's my hand upon't.

Scap. Oh! Sir, how much goodneſs revives me! (*pulls of his cap.*)

Gripe. How's that! friend, take notice, I pardon thee, but 'tis upon condition that you are ſure to die.

Scap. Oh me! I begin to faint again.

Thrif. Come, fie brother, never let revenge employ your thoughts now; forgive him, forgive him without any condition.

Gripe. A deuce on't, brother, as I hope to be ſav'd, he beat me baſely and ſcurvily, never ſtir he did: but ſince you will have it ſo, I do forgive him.

Thrif. Now, then let's to ſupper, and in our mirth drown and forget all troubles.

Scap. Aye, and let them carry me to the lower end of the table;

Where in my chair of ſtate I'll ſit at eaſe,
And eat and drink, that I may die in peace.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by MRS MARY LEE,

When she was out of humour.

HOW little do you gueſs what I'm to ſay!
I'm not to aſk how you like Farce or Play:
For you muſt know, I've other buſineſs now;
It is to tell ye, Sparks, how we like you.
How happy were we, when in humble guiſe
You came with honeſt hearts and harmleſs eyes;
State, without noiſe and tumult in the pit:
Oh what a precious jewel then was wit!
Though now 'tis grown ſo common, let me die,
Gentlemen ſcorn to keep it company.
Indulgent nature has too bounteous been,
Your too much plenty is become your ſin.
Time was ye were as meek as now your proud,
Did not in cruſt cabals of criticks croud,
Nor thought it witty to be very loud;
But came to ſee the follies you would ſhun;
Though now ſo fondly antic here you're grown;
T' invert the ſtage's purpoſe, and it's rules;
Make us ſpectators, whilſt you play the fool.
Equally witty, as ſome valiant are;
The ſad defects of both are expos'd here.
For here you'll cenſure that diſdain to write,
And ſome make quarrels here who ſcorn to fight.

The rugged Soldier, that from war returns,
And ſtill with th' heat of former actions burns;
Let him but hither come to ſee a play,
Proceeds an arrant courtier in a day:
Shall ſteal from th' Pit, and fly up to the Box,
There hold impertinent chat with tawdry Maux:
Till ere aware the bluſt'rer falls in love;
And *Hero* grows as harmleſs as a *dove*.

With us the kind remembrance yet remains,
When we were entertain'd behind our ſcenes,
Though now, alas, we muſt your abſcence mourn,
Whilſt nought but quality will ſerve your turn.
Damn'd quality! that uſes poaching arts,
And (as 'tis ſaid) comes maſk'd to prey on hearts.
The proper uſe of vizors once was made,
When only worn by ſuch as own'd the trade:
Though now all mingle with 'em ſo together,
That you can hardly know the one from t'other.
But 'tis no matter; on, purſue your game,
Till wearied you return at laſt, and tame;
Know then 'twill be our turn to be ſevere;
For when you've left your *ſting* behind you there,
You lazy drones, you ſhan't have harbour here.

FINIS.